

The Athenian Mercury :

Tuesday, May 29. 1694.

To Mr. TATE,

ON

His New Poem of the late Promotions, &c.

SHame on the Blatent Beast which lewdly says
We of th' Inspir'd, Barter, or Sell our Praise:
'Tis a just Debt, to shining Vertue due,
From you to your great Theme, from us to you.
For you, ev'n Envy's self, and blear-ey'd Spite
Must own you've done your mighty Subject, right.
Must own, you draw so like, and yet so fine,
Th' Original and Copy both divine:
Not those clear Streams a lovelier Image gave
Where the fond Hunter languish'd o're the Wave.
Zeuxes his noble Pencil's sham'd by you,
The Birds his Grapes, we think the Men are true.
If Nature's self wou'd write she'd learn of Thee
So pure thy Style, thy Words so just and free,
In all a charming Air of Modestie. }
Thy easy Numbers, soft as Love, present
Chains, not of Slavery, but of Ornament:
The willing Words in decent Order flow,
Of each we say it cou'd not but be so.
With such a pow'ful, yet a gentle sway
High Heav'n commands, and all the World obey.

Quest. 1. From the Pindarical Lady.

'Twas nobly thought, and worthy — still!
So I resolv'd to employ my Loyal Quill.
Virtue, and our unequal'd Heroes praise!
What Theams more glorious can exact my Lays?
William! A Name my Lines grow proud to bear!
A Prince as Great, and wondrous Good, as e're
The sacred Burden of a Crown did wear. }
Resolve me, then, Athenians, what are those,
(Can there be any such?) You call his Foes?
His Foes, curst word, and why they'd pierce his Breast,
Ungrateful Vipers! where they warmly rest?

Answer.

Their Name is Legion, grinning from afar
Against the Throne, who wage unequal War;
Tho' nearer, on perpetual Guard, attends
A far more numerous Host of brighter Friends:
Around our Prince, Heav'n's Cave, the sacred Band
With fiery Arms in firm Battalia stand:
To him, mild Light, and Lambent Beams they show,
But Wrath and Terror to his harden'd Foe.
See the black Phalanx melt, they melt away,
As guilty Ghosts sink from approaching Day.
Behold their Leaders, deckt in horrid State,
Nor wonder why they Heav'n and Caesar hate.

First mark their haughty General, arm'd compleat
In Plates of glowing Steel! 'tis Lucifer the great!
See his proud Standard o're his Tent enlarg'd!
With bloated Toads, an odious Bearing, charg'd.
The ancient Arms which once his Shield adorn'd,
Tho' 'tis of late to Flour-de-Lis's turn'd.
Oft Thunder-struck, he still renews his Claim,
The Universal Tyranny his Aim:
All Instruments of Death he with him bears,
Learnt from the old and new Celestial Wars:
Then murdering Guns he us'd, as Milton sings,
Now, to the fight more murdering Bombs he brings,
Prodigious shows their horrid Intrails hold
Of deadly Iron, but far more deadly Gold.
That only scarce resistible is found,
With that the Dragon brings the Stars to th' ground:
No Steel, no Adamant sufficient Fence,

Nothing but naked Truth, and Innocence;
This all his boasted Arts and Arms can mock
And breaks, with Softness, what wou'd break the Rock,
Nor can we now thy impious Arms display

Too foul for Numbers, Lustful Asmoday!
A Goat, and worse thy filken Banner bears,
Thy warlike Musick, melting Lydian airs.
Sirens behind, and Basilisks before,
Troops of lewd Poets are thy Guard De Cori
Crowds of both Sexes, strow with Flowers thy way,
But which more numerous, we must not say.
Numerous of both, engag'd till Death they bee,
And true to their Departed Friend and Thee:
Michael and Caesar thy black Prince engage,
But thou'rt below a Kings or Angels rage.
The Fasces may divide, the Axe we'll spare,
Thee and thy Rout the Rods alone will scare.

Blasphemous Belial! next thy Squadrons stand!
Lawless and Lewd, a baffled blasted band,
Each holds a kindled Pamphlet in his hand.
With Names of Blasphemy thy Ensign's spread,
And, Oracles high in the midst is read.

These make the Grofs, the rest we may despise,
(Retailers they of Treason, and of Lies)
Lucifer's Friends, and Caesars Enemies.
Ah were there none but these, who wou'd not be
Proud and Ambitious of their Enmitie!
There's one small party, near, too near their Line
Which hover yet and scarce know which to joyn.
No black, no ugly marks of Sin disgrace
Their nobler Forms, no malice in their Face:
A Dusky Gleam they wear then e're they sell,
Their Plumes just scorcht, too near ally'd to Hell.
What mad mistaken bravery draws 'em in
Where Constancy's no Virtue but a Sin?
How can they still their fallen Prince esteem?
When false to Heaven, why are they true to him?
O! must they sink! a glorious Starry Race!
They are almost too good for that sad place.
That waits their Fall: It must not, cannot be
If err we do, we'll err with Charity,
Father! they may be sav'd! we'll joyn with Thee!

Quest. 2. From the same Lady.

What if serenely blest with Calms I swim
Paetolus! in thy golden Sanded stream?
Not all the wealth that lavish Chance cou'd give
My soul from Death cou'd one short Hour reprieve.
When from my Heart the wandering Life must move
No Cordial all my useless Gold cou'd prove.
What tho' I plung'd in Joys so deep and wide,
'Twould tire my Thought to reach the distant side,
Fancy it self wou'd tire to plumb the Abyss; }
If I for an uncertain Lease of this
Sold the fair hopes of an eternal bliss?
What if invested with the Royal State
Of dazzling Queens, ador'd by Kings I sat?
Yet when my trembling Soul's dislogg'd wou'd be
No Room of State within the Grave for me.
What if my Youth, in Wits and Beautys bloom
Shou'd promise many a flattering Year to come:
Tho' Death shou'd pass the beauteous Flourisher,
Advancing Time wou'd all its Glory marr.
What if the Muses loudly sang my Fame,
The barren Mountains echoing with my Name?
An envious puff might blast the rising Pride.
And all its bright conspicuous Lustre hide.
If o're my Relicks Monuments they raise
And fill the World with Flattery, or with praise?

What

What would eber' all avail, if sink I must,
My Soul to endless shades, my Body to the dust?
Answ.

Nothing, Ah nothing! Virtue only gives
Immortal praise that only ever lives.
What pains wait Vice, what endless Worlds of Woe
You know full well, but may you never know.

Quest. 3. 'Twas my Misfortune to offend my Father,
whereupon he turn'd me out of doors, and repeated his Pub-
lish'd resolution never to entertain me as his Son. Thus
destitute of Friends, I made my address to a young Gentle-
woman, (who deserv'd my betters, and refus'd 'em for my
sake) and contracted an inviolable Friendship with her,
who (though she knew my Circumstances, and had no rea-
son to expect an alteration of 'em from the Help of my Pa-
rents) shew'd me an inexpressible Constancy and Affection.
But now, contrary to both our Expectations, my Father re-
ceives me again, but bearing of my contracted Love, has
declared, except I forsake her, and resolve to see her no more
upon that account, and take the Sacrament upon it, I shal'n't
be a farthing the better for him living or dead; should I un-
derstandly obey my Father in this, I might justly expect her
Destruction in this world, and I think my own in both. My
Father with great intreaty is willing to refer it, therefore
I being sensible of your goodness to afflicted Querists, hope
to make you our Arbitrators. Which is the greatest offence
in the eye of God, to disobey my Father in this particular,
or break off my solemnly contracted Love to her. Pray Gen-
tlemen be speedy in your Answer, and excuse the troublesome
long Query of your obliged humble Servants.

Answ. You have no power to dispose of your self
contrary to your Fathers Consent, and if he forbid
your proceedings as soon as he heard of them, your
Vows are wholly void, because God Almighty has in
this case given him the disposal of them. But on the
other side, we much commend those Parents that do
not abuse their Authority, remembering they are Com-
manded not to be bitter against their Children, as it wou'd
be to contradict them in such an Affair wherein often
the happiness of their lives depends, without they'd a
great deal of reason for it. And tho' you must not
marry without his Consent, yet you are not obliged
to do it without your own; Your Father wou'd do
very ill to extort any Promises from you, and much
more so by desiring you to confirm them by the Sa-
crament, since in that holy Duty there shou'd be no-
thing but what's voluntary. So he has done as pru-
dently by deferring his determinations. He ought to
consider the case of the Lady as if it were yours, how
she received you when he had turn'd you out of his
Favour, and if reason won't prevail with you, we
think it better for him not to lay his Commands up-
on you, except it will be your absolute ruine. Thus
the only way you can Lawfully act, is resolving not
to be Disobedient, and try what your submissions and
persuasions may do in the procuring your fathers Con-
sent, for twou'd be very ungrateful to be accessory to
her unhappiness if it can be possibly avoided.

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